With eager feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradice,
This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone sette in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
This blessed plotte, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in ther deedes as far from home,
For christian seruice and true chiualrie.
As is the sepulchre in stubburne Iewry,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deere soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happie then were my ensuing death?

Yorke The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For yong hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene How fares our noble vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt

Gaunt O how that name befits my composition,
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being old,
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breedes leanesse, leanesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

King. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt No miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King Thou now a dying sayst thou flatterest me.

Gaunt Oh no, thou diest though I the sicker bee.

King I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill,

Gaunt Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careleese pacient as thou art,
Committst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue layde thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe:
Why Cosin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease: